Sometimes Quite is Violent

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Sometimes Quite is Violent

by the_link_dock

Summary

Will is the quiet kid who just wants to keep his head down. Hannibal is the bad boy who listens to him for whatever reason.

I've been watching a lot of BL dramas, so there are going to be a lot of tropes, cliches, and predictable moments.

All characters are over the age of 18.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Fights in the Halls

Will was just trying to get to his classroom.

His nose was buried in a book, but he was forced to look up at the crowd surrounding a fight.

He heard the noise of a body being slammed against to lockers and kids shouting.

Will noticed his english teacher, Ms. Bloom, was trying to simultaneously break up the fight and get the kids to class.

She kept turning her head down the halls, as if another teacher would materialise out of thin air.

Ms. Bloom was a new teacher. She couldn't seem to grasp that this school didn't care about fights or their students. No one would come help unless she got them.

The crowd started chanting, "Han-ni-bal! Han-ni-bal!"

Will knew all about Hannibal Lecter. Everyone did.

A transfer from Europe with dashingly good looks and a dark, mysterious past? The girls *couldn't* shut up about him.

And to be fair, *neither could the boys*.

Will sighed in annoyance and made his way through the crowd.

He shut his book and held it in his hand by his side and made it to the front to see Hannibal going ham on some kid.

Hannibal slammed his fist into the kids face while his other hand gripped the kids hair to nail it every time.

The kid was a no-name that Will couldn't be bothered to know, but he was barely conscious, and not even fighting back.

"Enough." Will said, loud enough for Hannibal to hear him.

The crowd's chantings abruptly ended.

It was also well known that you never interrupted Hannibal no matter what. He despised rudeness.

Hannibal halted with his fist raised in preparation for another blow.

Will heard Ms. Bloom ran off to get security.

“I beg your pardon?” Hannibal’s tone was quiet but deadly.

Another thing well known was that despite being brutal and sometimes cruel, Hannibal was *always* polite.

Will could appreciate that. At least he had a moral code or something like that. *He had standards*.

“I said enough.” Will gripped his book tighter. He raised his voice a little, but it felt hollow and weak to his own ears.

Of course he was scared shitless of the foreign kid, but this was ridiculous. And Will had been terrified enough times to control his facial and body expressions.

He stood still but relaxed and with a blank face.

Hannibal turned his head slowly to scan for the voice. His gaze settled on Will. Will could only imagine what he was seeing.

A scrawny boy with curly brown hair and sad eyes?

Will’s eyelids felt heavy and he knew they drooped with a sadness no one else his age had experienced.

Will stared at Hannibal’s chin, “It’s rude to block the hallway, you know.”

Hannibal offered a smile and stood up from where he’d been crouching over the kid. He dropped the no-name with a sickening ‘thud’ that made Will want to wince.

He kept his eyes on Hannibal’s noise as the older boy stalked towards him with a smile that made Will want to shudder.

Hannibal hummed in acknowledgement and Will heard Ms. Bloom return with the principal, Mr. Crawford.

Mr. Crawford has no doubt only come because Ms. Bloom has insisted. She probably said that Hannibal was beating a kid to death.

Will glanced at the kids slumped form and bloodied face and grimaced. She wasn’t *wrong*.

“What the hell is going on here!?” Crawford demanded.

Hannibal kept his attention fixed on Will, and Will knew it would be stupid to take his attention off Hannibal.

Will learned the hard way that you don’t snitch. It only made things worse.

So, he kept his mouth shut. He knew Hannibal wouldn’t talk first either.

Ms. Bloom filled the principal in. “I heard a riot forming and when I got here, Hannibal and Gary were fighting.”

Will felt eye on him. “Mr. Graham, what happened?”

Will shrugged and flicked his eyes down to Hannibal’s grin. *Why would they ask him? He’s just a face in the crowd*.

“I’m just trying to go to class. I don’t know what happened and I don’t care. Can I go now?”

Ms. Bloom said something along the lines of “not yet, sweetie.”

Will had to hold in an eye roll. He didn’t need her ‘kindness’.

Hannibal’s grin widened and Will frowned in response.

Hannibal’s grin was borderline vicious with an edge of danger. His eyes were half looked in a lazy smugness and Will found his gaze locked anywhere *but* his eyes.

“Hannibal, you need to go to the nurse, too.” Ms. Bloom said after Crawford ordered three students to take Gary to the nurse.

Will’s eyes danced over Hannibal to find where he’d been hit. His right eye was red and his nose was dripping blood that was staining his shirt. But, when his eyes locked in his hands his lip quirked a fraction upward.

Hannibal had ripped his knuckles to shreds while beating Gary.

Kind of impressive.

When Hannibal looked at Ms. Bloom, his smile faded and his eyes hardened. “I won’t go.”

She gave a heavy sigh and Will has a feeling this was typical Hannibal behaviour.

It made him wonder how often Ms. Bloom interacted with Hannibal.

Will tapped his book absentmindedly and chewed the inside of his cheek.

He had to get to class so he wouldn’t be late, because if he was late he’d get detention and he couldn’t get detention because he had to go home to help his dad with boat motors.

He was sure Ms. Bloom would give him a pass, but then he’d miss the beginning of class and not know what material he missed because he didn’t know anyone well enough to ask and he was absolutely not going to break his silence streak to talk to the beasts in his math class.

Will has only said four sentences in that class, and he’d like to keep it that way.

Hannibal’s head tilted in warning and Will mentally shook himself back to the present.

He missed what Ms. Bloom said and, by the look in Hannibal’s eyes, was worried there would be another fight.

Will looked back at Hannibal's hands and gave a quiet sigh.

"Stubborn." Will muttered, without fully realising he'd spoken aloud.

Will felt himself heat up when Hannibal's eyes fell back to him. "Excuse me?"

Will pursed his lips and took in a breath before steeling himself and looking Hannibal in the eye.

"You're being stubborn. Your nose is bleeding and your hands are," Will made a noise in his throat and just gestured at them with a pointed look. "Just go to the nurse."

Mr. Crawford stepped forward as if he'd be able to stop Hannibal from attacking and kids were whispering to each other about how Will was a dead man.

Will just wanted to go to class.

"Alright, I'll go to the nurse."

Will heard Ms. Bloom sigh in relief.

Will felt his stomach drop when Hannibal smiled again. "But you have to take me."

Will frowned and looked him up and down, "You don't need an escort."

"Oh, he's getting an escort." Crawford interjected.

Hannibal turned his stare to Crawford and it was infinitely colder than the glare he gave Ms. Bloom.

"He either comes with me or I will not go."

Will frowned and squeezed his book, "I have class. Just go on your own."

Hannibal hummed and Will looked down. He saw Hannibal's shoes get closer and he held his breath.

Hannibal draped an arm over Will's shoulders and Will hunched in on himself.

Hannibal's arm was warm and heavy. His elbow was bent so his hand dangled over Will's heart.

"Please take me to the nurse," Hannibal asked. Will could envision what Hannibal's face looked like. *Eyes lit up with satisfaction and a smirk on his lips*.

He wasn't used to being told no.

Will felt everyone's eyes on them and felt himself burning up from the inside out.

Hannibal drew him into the spotlight so Will would have to barrel his way out.

Will ducked out from under Hannibal's arm and walked forward to get away from him.

"No. You don't need my help. I'm going to class."

The students in the crowd separated to form a path for Will to walk through and he kept his head down as he hurried through.

His hand was sweating against his book and he kept his eyes glued to the ground, despite the twitching need to look back and see what would happen to Hannibal.

Will ducked into his classroom just as the bell rang and went to his seat, unbothered.

The teacher wasn't there yet and everyone was on their phones.

There were a couple kids that were reading and drawing respectively, but Will didn't post them any attention.

He was worried how fast news about his involvement would spread and if it was a big deal or not.

He rested his forehead on his desk and closed his eyes.

It wasn't even lunch and Will was ready to go home.

Sad Eyes

Chapter Summary

Hannibal's POV

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal liked to think of himself as level-headed.

He was intelligent and tediously put together his reputation of brutality and wit.

He prided himself on his insight and his deductive abilities. He could, quite literally, sniff out the liars around him.

Gary Boatman was a liar.

Hannibal was getting his English textbook from his locker when Gary decided to test Hannibal's patience.

Hannibal's English class was with Ms. Bloom, an overly perky and annoyingly optimistic woman who had a tendency to recognise the "broken" kids and be overly affectionate with them.

Hannibal himself had been called "sweetie" and "honey" a fair amount of times. He didn't want or appreciate it, but since she truly thought she was doing good and she wasn't intending to be condescending, Hannibal allowed it.

Ms. Bloom's class was less than ten feet away from Hannibal's locker, so he didn't see the harm in indulging in Gary's idiocy.

The boy had prattled on about how cool and intimidating Hannibal was, none of this was surprising or flattering to Hannibal.

He'd carefully created his untouchable image. He was ranked number one in his class and was in enough fights to let it be known that he wasn't a pushover. Hannibal not only got in fights; he demolished his opponent until they were begging for mercy and, because Hannibal was sadistically cruel, beaten beyond their limits.

Gary was trying to impress Hannibal. Trying to *woo* him.

Gary Boatman thought it would be a good idea to trick a hound with a false scent. Gary thought he could flatter Hannibal enough to make him intrigued in Gary, then Gary would

reveal it all as some big prank on the school's menace.

That's what principal Crawford called him, anyway. Hannibal was oddly pleased at the recognition that no one was better than him, or in this case worse.

Gary wasn't ugly, by any means. Hannibal would even agree that Gary was cute. *Was*.

Hannibal sighed when he caught wind of the deception and placed his text book back in his locker before shutting it gently. He needed to teach a lesson that he would *not* be toyed with.

It was extremely rude to play with someone's emotions.

Hannibal gripped Gary's shirt collar and shoved him against the lockers with a snarl. He heard the hallway chatter silence and inwardly smiled.

Good. He should be the main focus.

Hannibal took immense pleasure in the fear that radiated from Gary. It made Hannibal want to draw this out for as long as it could, even though he'd always been told not to play with his food.

Hannibal grinned darkly and let his teeth show. He could hear students gathering around them; whispering, talking, *filming*.

Good. You don't mess with the menace.

Hannibal braced his right arm against Gay throat and pushed until the boy was gasping for breath.

"Tell me, Gary. What is it about me that's so intriguing to you?" Hannibal asked with a him.

He fisted his hand in Gary's hair and *yanked*.

Hannibal's eyes lidded when tears sprang to Gary's grey eyes.

Delectable.

Hannibal was completely surprised when the boy threw the punches.

His left arm went for Hannibal's stomach and his right socked Hannibal's eye before rapidly going for his nose.

Hannibal put all of his weight into his arm against Gary's throat and the boy hand to stop his assault to try and pry Hannibal's arm off.

Hannibal stared down at Gary with a sneer. He was pathetic, thinking he was cunning enough to trick Hannibal. That he was strong enough. That he was smart enough. That he was *pretty* enough. *He was worthless*.

Hannibal leaned close to Gary's ear with a snarl, "I'll let you in on a secret, Garrett. Your little *plan* didn't work because there is nothing desirable about you. What's suppose to make you so special? You're average in every conceivable way. You're not intelligent," Hannibal moved like lightning. His hands moved to either sides of Gary's head and slammed it into the locker.

Hannibal held him up by bracing against Gary and put their faces directly in front of each other.

Hannibal gave a small smirk at the haze that clouded Gary's eyes.

"You're not physically attractive," Hannibal hissed as he pushed on Gary's shoulder and swung his knee up to smash against Gary's abdomen.

Hannibal heard the kids around them gasp and cheer him on. *Violent little brats*.

He heard Ms. Bloom screaming and grinned. So, she's finally heard the ruckus.

He pushed Gary back up while the boy tried to regain his breath.

"What did you have to offer, hm? Certainly not this," Hannibal kneed Garry in the groin and let the boy fall to the ground with a gasped cry.

"Hannibal, stop this right now!" Ms. Bloom screeched, thought it was hardly heard over the children screaming to continue. At some point they'd begin to chant his name. It was a powerful feeling, though Hannibal didn't care much for it.

Hannibal sniffed and wiped the blood off his lips with his thumb before squatting in front of Gary.

Hannibal tsked and shook his head. "I can't seem to figure out how you thought this would work. Not enough brains, or brawn, or *beauty*."

Hannibal was quick with his assault. His hand found its way into Gary's hair again while his other set to work with ramming his fist into Gary's face.

Hannibal aimed for his nose and teeth and grinned as he felt his own skin tear.

He aimed for Gary's eyes and cheekbones.

He wanted Gary to be unrecognisable. He wanted people to look at Gary with pity because "He had such a pretty face."

Hannibal scowled and hit harder. As if these cockroaches knew what beauty was.

Beauty was pain and suffering. How could no one else see that?

Hannibal was ready to drive Gary to unconsciousness, but a soft voice broke him out of his reverie.

“Enough.”

The voice was close to Hannibal. A male’s voice, small yet firm.

The crowd’s chantings abruptly ended, and Hannibal himself had paused his administrations.

He’d nearly killed kids for interruptions. Hannibal felt his anger spike at the rude disruption.

Who dare interfere with Hannibal’s well-deserved retribution.

“I beg your pardon?” Hannibal didn’t like to assume all people were bad. He kept his voice dangerous but calm. If there was a valid reason for this disruption, then all would be forgiven.

“I said enough.” The voice repeated, louder in volume but gained no confidence. Hannibal felt his lip quirk up at the fear he could smell.

It surrounded him and he could bathe in it.

He wiped the smirk off his face into harsh neutrality before he scanned for the speaker.

Hannibal’s eyes danced over the kids looking at each other. Everyone was looking at the same boy.

When Hannibal’s eyes settled on the boy he was taken aback.

Hannibal expected an athlete; someone who could back up their interruption with physical force if necessary.

Hannibal was *not* looking at an athlete.

He was staring at an angelic cherub with a halo of brown curls and inexplicably sad eyes.

His eyes were what drew Hannibal in. They were blue like a sunny day, and yet all Hannibal could feel were rainy days coming from this boy.

The boy knew pain and suffering. *The boy was beautiful.*

The angel was skinny, more so than Hannibal. His eyes were locked on Hannibal, but wouldn’t meet Hannibal’s gaze.

Normally, Hannibal would consider that quite rude but, in this case, Hannibal believed it was a defence mechanism.

The boy stood unwavering with an easy expression on his face. If Hannibal were anyone else, he would’ve believed that this boy was unafraid. As it were, Hannibal could smell the fear rolling off in *waves* from this boy.

Hannibal was impressed at how well the boy hid it.

The boy spoke up and caught Hannibal's attention again. "It's rude to block the hallway, you know."

Hannibal offered the boy a smile and stood up from where he was positioned over Gary. Hannibal dropped Gary without a care and felt pleasure curl in his gut at the barely-there whine that the boy gave.

Hannibal took his time in getting close to the boy with a hum. The boy was right, after all. Hannibal had been rude.

Out of the corner of his eye, Hannibal saw Ms. Bloom and Principal Crawford running to where his crowd had formed.

Hannibal saw the boy glance behind Hannibal and felt a strange sense of pride at the mess the boy was undoubtedly looking at.

"What the hell is going on here!?" Crawford bellowed, but Hannibal kept his attention on the boy as he flicked his gaze back to Hannibal.

Hannibal could smell Crawford's frustration and Ms. Bloom broke the silence. "I heard a riot forming and when I got here, Hannibal and Gary were fighting."

Crawford turned to the boy. "Mr. Graham, what happened?"

Hannibal's grin widened at the new information and in response to Graham's eyes landing on his lips.

"I'm just trying to go to class. I don't know what happened and I don't care. Can I go now?"

Ms. Bloom made a soft noise, that one might make at a kitten abandoned, to the child and said, "No, not yet, sweetie."

Hannibal's grin stayed in place and he saw Graham frown.

Hannibal's grin didn't falter as Graham's eyes flicker over his face, staying off his eyes.

"Hannibal, you need to go to the nurse, too." Ms. Bloom said after Crawford ordered three students to take Gary to the nurse.

Hannibal didn't answer at first. He was consumed by the minuscule furrow in Gragam's brows as the boy looked him over.

Hannibal noticed the intrigue and impress his hands had on Graham.

When Hannibal turned his attention to Ms. Bloom, he let his smile drop and narrowed his eyes. "I won't go."

She gave a heavy sigh and Hannibal grit his teeth.

"Hannibal, stop being difficult and go to the nurse's office."

“Don’t presume familiarity. You don’t know me.” Hannibal spat out before tilting his chin up in obvious defiance.

Hannibal let his focus zero in on Graham when the boy gave a soft sigh and a mutter.

Hannibal turned his head back to the angelic beauty in front of him and let his gaze soften noticeably, “Excuse me?”

The boy flushed and hesitated before lifting his head to meet Hannibal’s stare head-on.

Beautiful, sad eyes.

“You’re being stubborn. Your nose is bleeding and your hands are,” Graham made a noise and waved at Hannibal’s split knuckles. “Just go to the nurse.”

Hannibal took a step forward and felt dissatisfaction that Graham wasn’t looking in his eyes anymore. Hannibal saw Crawford edge towards them and Hannibal bard his teeth in warning.

Hannibal looked back to Graham and saw an adorable pout of the boy’s angelic face.

“Alright, I’ll go to the nurse.”

Hannibal’s lip quirked up when he saw Graham’s shoulders relax.

“But you have to take me.”

Hannibal wanted alone time with the angel. *So sad, so scared, but brave and beautiful at the same time*.

Graham frowned and his eyes trailed over Hannibal, “You don’t need an escort.”

“Oh, he’s getting an escort.” Crawford interjected, causing Hannibal to snap his head towards the principal and glare with murder in his eyes.

One day, Hannibal would kill the man. He swore to it.

“He either comes with me or I will not go.” Hannibal said, now much more invested to have Graham take him to the nurse.

Graham’s frown deepened and Hannibal wanted it to go away, “I have class. Just go on your own.”

Hannibal hummed and felt displeasure when Graham turned his head to stare at the ground. Hannibal stepped closer into he was a breath away from the oh, so sweet boy in front of him.

Hannibal draped an arm over Graham’s shoulders and pulled him in closer when he felt the boy hunched in on himself.

“Please take me to the nurse,” Hannibal asked, with his head tilted towards Graham’s ear so he could breath into it. He felt Graham shiver and Hannibal hid a smirk by biting his lip and nuzzling Graham’s curls.

Hannibal was content with smelling Graham, though the boy could definitely use a different soap, but was interrupted by Graham slipping out of his hold and walking away with a book held tightly in his hand.

“No, you can do it yourself. I’m going to class.” The angel didn’t turn around and Hannibal noted with satisfaction that the students still surrounding them made a path for Graham to go through.

Hannibal kept his eyes on the boy until he disappeared into a class further down the hall.

A thick hand grabbed his arm and Hannibal snarled at them but didn’t attack when he turned and found Principal Crawford inches from his face.

“Nurse’s office. Now. Then you and I are going to have a talk.”

Chapter End Notes

hannibal is so dramatic and angsty

should hannibal and will be neighbours or is that too cliche?

Country Roads

Chapter Notes

> will talks to himself and argues with himself a lot mentally, and it's kinda me projecting because it's something that i do frequently, but if it gets confusing with will mentally referring to himself as "he, i, and you", let me know and i'll fix it to where it's more clear :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will ate alone in the cafeteria.

He sat by the trash cans and read his book for the entire lunch break.

He often didn't eat lunch at school. There was no flavour and the texture made his insides crawl, so he avoided eating school food entirely.

Sometimes he would bring lunch from home, but most mornings he was too tired or lazy to make anything.

Will pulled out his book—a story about high schoolers and a murder—and lost himself in the words as the main-gossip character, Simon, started choking and dying.

He didn't look up when someone sat across from him.

Sometimes, other losers had to share tables so they didn't have to eat in the bathrooms.

It was uncomfortable, but preferable so he and the other outcast loners tolerated it.

The person cleared their throat and Will sighed, trying to ignore them and focus on his book.

"Graham." Will frowned and looked up to glare at the person who interrupted him.

Wasn't it obvious he didn't want to talk?

Lo-and-behold, none other than Hannibal Lecturer say across from him.

Shouldn't he be, like, suspended? The American education system is fucking trash.

Will rolled his eyes before looking back at his book, "What do you want, Lecter."

He said it less as a question and more of a demand.

"My name's Hannibal," the boy provided unhelpfully.

Will snorted as his eyes roamed the pages of his book, “I know.”

Who didn’t know who Hannibal Lecter was?

Will let his eyes trace over Simon’s name with envy. He wished he could be going through anaphylactic shock instead of suffering through this awkward conversation.

“Are you going to tell me yours?” Hannibal asked after Will said nothing else.

Will bit the inside of his cheek, “You seem to know it.”

Go away. Go away. Go away.

Hannibal ducked his head into Will’s line of vision and Will sighed as he lifted his gaze to Hannibal’s nose.

“What,” Will ground out, wishing he had just hid in the bathroom. Just because they kind-of talked *once* didn’t make conversation an open invitation.

“Graham isn’t your first name,” Lecter spoke with certainty and purpose. His confidence put Will on edge.

What teenager had that much confidence?

Will took in a deep sigh and shut his book, knowing he wouldn’t get the chance to continue with Lecter here.

“Who cares, I’ve been called worse—can you leave me alone now?”

Will looked past Hannibal’s shoulder and saw a few kids staring at them and he started to feel uncomfortably warm.

That’s just great. More attention.

“What have you been called?” Hannibal asked with genuine curiosity that held a slight edge to it.

“None of your business.”

Don’t piss him off, dumbass. He‘ll kill you. Maybe he should. I should leave. You should leave.

Will grabbed his bag from the back of his chair and stuffed his book inside it.

“Where are you going?”

Will made a noise of frustration and stopped his ministrations to look at Lecter’s forehead.

“Somewhere I can be alone.” Will stood up and shrugged on the straps of his bag and gave Lecter one last glance, “Don’t follow me.”

Will held onto his bag straps so his hands didn't shake as he stalked through the cafeteria.

Great. Now, not only did he have to keep his head down, he had to actively avoid Lecter.

Will went to the bathrooms and locked himself in a stall.

He let against the stall wall and got out his phone, deciding to scroll through tumblr until the end of lunch.

The rest of Will's day had gone surprisingly well.

No one talked to him and he went about his routine as usual.

Will put his headphones in after the final bell rang and sat at his desk as everyone left so he could find the right song to end the day with.

He settled for a soft one with a steady beat that he could walk to and left.

He stopped by his locker to get his math book and drop off his English text book.

Damn Evans for assigning daily homework.

Will hated math.

He shoved the text book in his bag and made his way outside, squinting at the assault of sunlight and shivering at the change of temperature.

It was colder inside and Will found himself missing the chill.

Will stuck his hands in his jacket pockets to keep himself from pulling his hood up. It always felt cooler than it looked, and he didn't want to look like an idiot.

Will jolted as an arm came around his shoulder and he ripped his headphones out with a startled gasp.

Of fucking *course* it was Lecter.

"What the hell are you doing?" Will hissed, looking around to make sure no one could see them.

"I thought we could walk home together." The taller boy answered with a crinkle in his eyes.

Will shoved his arm off with a scowl, "No way, I don't want you knowing where I live."

Lecter put his hands in his pants pockets with a shrug, "Caution is smart, especially for an angel like you."

Will felt his face heat up and glared at him, “What the fuck is your problem!? I interrupted you’re fight, *sorry!* Either beat me the fuck up or leave me the fuck alone!”

Will quickened his steps to walk away continued his angry tirade mentally.

Annoying, rat-faced fucker. It’s a good face though, very attractive. Yea, in a rat way. Shut up.

He mentally argued with himself as he stormed down the sidewalk with his head down.

He put his headphones back in and skipped the music to a louder one with a larger guitar presence to match his frustration.

Who does he think he is? He’s annoying is what he is.

Will snorted at himself and grinned at the ground, his footsteps mellowing out from an angry stomp to a casual stroll as his feet kicked up from the ground in a scuffing sort of shuffle.

He’s a real piece of work.

That’s what Will’s dad would say when someone was a lot to handle. Hannibal—*Lecter* was definitely a lot to handle.

He was imposing, kind of rude even though it was known he didn’t tolerate rudeness, so he was a hypocrite, and annoyingly charismatic.

No doubt Lecter had talked his way out of a suspension. He probably got off with a warning. It was only his fifth fucking week here.

That was sarcasm and a jab at the public school system.

Will sighed and pulled his head up to look at the dirty grass and the litter on the ground.

God, this place is gross.

Will was going to move somewhere up north after high school. Somewhere clean and quiet.

So, not New York or New Jersey.

When Will got to his house, he paused.

His house was gross too. The trim on the outside that had once been a stark white had chipped away and showed the dull wood underneath and was left open to the elements to rot.

The gutters were rusty and there were brown stains alone the corners of the house.

The exterior was a light blue-grey colour that could’ve looked sophisticated on a larger house or in a nicer neighbourhood. On Will’s house, it looked outdated and worn down after years of no maintenance.

The grass in the front lawn was overgrown and there were weeds in the driveway. Calling it a driveway was generous. It was cracked pavement that didn’t lead to an actual garage, but

rather a metal carport that was wobbly and sheltered his dad's 2001 Dodge truck.

Will adjusted his back pack stairs and kept walking, decided to do a few laps to prepare himself before he had to go home.

His dad wasn't abusive or an alcoholic—not in a bad way at least—but Beau Graham was a handful at the best of times and an all out hurricane at the worst.

Will's dad likes to try to talk with him, but he never really listened to what Will said. Will could told him he aced his math test five times and within ten minutes, Beau would ask again.

He remembered a girl's phone number after hearing it once.

Will knew where his dad's priorities were.

So, with a kick to the ground and a head full of music, Will shuffled through the neighbourhood with the intent to walk until it got dark and the lightning bugs were out.

Chapter End Notes

please don't take anything i say too seriously in this, i'm making a lot of sarcastic remarks from the pov of an angsty teenager. Louisiana, New York, and New Jersey are probably very lovely places

fun fact, i was re-reading the first two chapters to remember where i left off, and i totally got will's dialogue wrong. but, since the narrator's are teenagers, i've decided to keep this to show that they aren't always reliable

another fun fact; the book will is reading is real, i really enjoyed it and thought it would be fun to include, so if you know it that's pretty cool!

One Way or Another

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal wasn't suspended after his fight.

Crawford harshly dragged him to the nurses office and watched with an open glare as the nurse patched up his knuckles.

Ms. Bloom was there, checking on Gary and checking on Hannibal. After the nurse had bandages Hannibal's hands and was taking care of Gary, Bloom left to call his parents.

Which left Hannibal alone with Principal Crawford.

The man was a hulking figure with obvious anger problems and a penchant for carrying more about how the school looked in paper than its actual students.

If Crawford's school has the best grades, he didn't care that kids were crying in the bathroom due to stress over so many tests.

He didn't care about the bullies that were jocks as long as their football team took the state championship.

Although it didn't seem like it, Crawford did like Hannibal. Jack saw an intelligent, athletic teenager with the potential to do great things in life as well as for the school.

Crawford was extremely disappointed with Hannibal. Everyone knew Lecter had no problems with fighting; but to do so in school property, not to mention school hours, with a crowd of witnesses?

That put Crawford in a difficult position.

Hannibal concealed a smirk as he followed Crawford when the man ordered him to the main office.

When they got there, Jack shut the door behind them and sat behind his large wooden desk while Hannibal perched himself on the less lavish armchair.

"Mr. Lecter," Crawford began with a heavy, tired sigh.

Hannibal refrained from frowning and cut the man off, "May I explain myself?"

Crawford rubbed his eyes and nodded, extending a hand for Hannibal to continue.

"Gary was...what's there word for...making love?"

"He was trying to have sex with you!?"

“No, no—what’s the...to create meilė? Affection. To woo.

“Are you telling me,” Crawford began, looking slightly pained and extremely uncomfortable, “Mr. Boatman was...*hitting* on you?”

Hannibal gave a frustrated huff, “He only hit me a couple of times.”

Crawford leaned his head back and pursed his lips. “No, Mr. Lecter. To hit on someone is to...pursue them romantically.”

Hannibal bit the inside of his cheek but nodded, “Then yes. I turned him down and he started hitting me.”

Technically, all of that was true. Hannibal didn’t have to mention that he’d bashed Boatman’s head in.

“It was self-defence?” Crawford’s asked dubiously.

Hannibal gave a grin that was meant to look more sheepish than smug, “I may have... forgotten myself.”

Crawford huffed our a laugh and Hannibal knew he’d get off easy.

As soon as he was finished here, he was going to find that Graham boy.

Crawford gave him a week of after school detentions and Hannibal conceded mentally that it was a fair punishment, considering how open the fight had been.

Gary wouldn’t be punished any further than the days he would be required to take off due to medical leave.

At this point, class had already started, so Crawford let Hannibal go back to the nurses office to rest for the remainder of the hour.

Hannibal opted for that rather than suffer through Ms. Bloom’s worry and disappointment.

Hannibal brought his own lunches to school.

He found school lunches abhorrent and would never adore such filth in his body.

Typically, he ate outside with other “delinquents,” although they rarely exchanged words.

Conversations out back with each other often went along the lines of, “That looks like shit.” “Want this extra piece?” “Can I get some of that?” or a general topic of class and gossip about a regular who’d be absent.

The only person who attempted real conversation was one of the girls who didn't take shit from anyone, Freddie Lounds, who provided intel on where a missing person would be, or recent gossip.

"Abel isn't here because he got caught lighting a cigarette in Home Ec."

"Crawford's wife has cancer."

"Some kid overdosed on acid but he's fine now."

Not that any of them actually cared about gossip, it was simply to satiate a passing curiosity that would have faded within minutes.

Instead of going to his locker as per his routine, Hannibal had a nagging thought to check the cafeteria for the sad angel from earlier.

Graham was the only name Hannibal knew, which was extremely unhelpful. Hannibal strongly suspected Graham was the surname. Not to mention the handful of guys with first names of "Graham," Hannibal would never find his angel that way.

It was surprisingly easy to find Hannibal's developing obsession.

Sitting at a table by the trash bins, blessedly alone.

Reading a book he'd been holding earlier, Hannibal noted absently as he made his way across the cafeteria, weaving through tables too close to each other and part chattering nuisances.

After an annoying amount of effort, Hannibal found himself sitting in the chair across from Graham.

The boy shifted uncomfortably, so Hannibal knew Graham had registered his presence, though he made no indicator that he would look up without prompting.

Hannibal took a minute to study the bowed head of the angel. Warm, dark brown hair in loose curls that curled around the boss face. The back went just part the nape of his neck, but the sides just barely reached his earlobes.

His shoulders were hunched and his head was angled faintly to the left as his eyes tracked over the words in his book.

Hannibal was after to make out the word "One" from the title, but couldn't see the rest and didn't care to try more than a passing glance.

From this view, he could see that Graham's skin under his eyes were purple and vaguely red. Hannibal could see thin veins under the skin. /Distinct lack of sleep.

Hannibal straightened up and cleared his throat, not quite done with observing the angel, but now wanting to look at him fully and talk to him.

Graham's shoulders hunched up more, but no other movement.

A bit rude, Hannibal thought, though his lips were pulling into a smile.

Graham was almost cute in his avoidance. It was clear, to Hannibal at least, that this was an act of defence against social interaction.

Hannibal found fighting to be a better shield, but he was quite glad that this angel was untainted by violence.

Hannibal found himself grow inexplicably angry at the thought of sullied hands touching such a pure but damaged boy such as this.

“Graham.” Hannibal tried again, keeping his voice even and his face course of emotions.

The boy huffed a sigh and looked up with a flat stare. His eyes widened briefly as they looked Hannibal over and Hannibal focus on not preening under the attention.

Will rolled his eyes, at what Hannibal wasn’t sure, and spoke with the flat voice he used earlier meant to hide emotions. “What do you want, Lecter?”

Hannibal frowned minutely. *He didn’t want to be Lecter to Graham.*

“My name’s Hannibal,” Hannibal offered.

Will looked back down and snorted while his fingers trailed up and down the side of the book’s pages.

“I know.”

Hannibal pursed his lips. *Difficult. Beautiful angel, but extremely difficult*.

Normally, Hannibal could charm people—especially teenagers like himself—easily with his demeanour, not to mention his accent and looks.

He found it infuriatingly refreshing that Graham wasn’t so impressed.

“Are you going to tell me yours?” Hannibal asked after the boy said nothing more.

Tell me your name. Give me your name. Give it to me.

“You seem to know it.” Graham answered, not taking his attention if the book in front of him.

Hannibal wanted to pray for strength but settled for giving a muted sigh. *All good things to those who wait, right?*

Hannibal continued to stared at the beautiful creature in front of him and found all patience had left him.

He wanted the boy’s name, *now*.

He ducked his head until he was certain Graham could see it and not ignore it.

Hannibal was reward by the angel snapping his head up and growling out at him, “What?”

“Graham isn’t your first name,” Hannibal said with certainty.

Graham took in a deep sigh and shut his book, resting his arms on the table for a moment, “Who cares, I’ve been called worse—can you leave me alone now?”

The angel’s attention drifted past Hannibal and he found himself jealous at the lack of attention the angel was giving him.

“What have you been called?” Hannibal asked, trying to get Graham’s attention back on him.

*If he took care of the angel’s offenders, he could get in this beauty’s good grace*s.

“None of your business.” Graham snarked.

Before Hannibal could verbally respond, though his lips twitched into a ghost of a smile, Graham was packing up his book and shrugging on his backpack.

“Where are you going?” Hannibal asked, hiding his desperation for the angel to stay.

Graham huffed out a growl that was absolutely adorable, “Somewhere I can be alone. Don’t follow me.”

Hannibal watched with a frown as the angel left, but couldn’t bring it in his to displease Graham more by stalking him.

Once Hannibal had giving Graham two minutes to get out of sight, Hannibal got up and went to his locker.

He grabbed his lunch off neatly organised Tupperware and strolled outside towards the back of the school.

Only one teen looked like a stereotypical “badass” and he wasn’t even a badass. Franklyn wore a leather jacket and hung around people like Hannibal for protection.

Unless the weasel paid them, they never actually defended him or offered any viable protection.

Lounds was twisting a wrapper in her hands but straightened when she saw Hannibal. “Look atchu, Mr. Badass. Layin’ into Boatman and *not* getting expelled? Respect.”

Hannibal pursed his lips but nodded at those who nodded to him.

“Lounds, you have a working knowledge on everyone in school, yes?”

Freddie perked up with a sky grin and Hannibal almost regretted asking.

“Who do you want to know about?”

“A ‘Mr. Graham’ as Crawford called him.”

Freddie hummed and leaned closer to Hannibal, “Any more info?”

“Brown hair, white, quiet. I want his full name and who he is.”

Hannibal could think of a plethora of lovely words for Graham, but he couldn’t risk giving his intentions away. *Especially* not to Lounds.

“Five bucks and I can have an answer at the end of the day.”

He grimaced but nodded.

Hannibal was walking outside to meet Freddie Lounds, when he saw his angel ten feet ahead of him.

Hannibal couldn’t resist himself as he walked over and wrapped his arm around Graham’s shoulders, hiding displeasure at how bony they were.

Graham looked like he’d jump out of his skins and he pulled his headphones out of his ears.

“What the hell are you doing?” Will hissed, his eyes darting around them.

“I thought we could walk home together.” Hannibal answered, now wanting nothing more to escort the angel home safely.

Graham shoved his arm off roughly and Hannibal couldn’t help but smile at the tamed ferocity, “No way, I don’t want you knowing where I live.”

Hannibal put his hands in his pockets with a shrug, “Caution is smart, especially for an angel like you.”

Graham’s face flushed a delicious red and even when he glared at Hannibal, all the Lithuanian boy could see was the beautiful darkness behind blue eyes.

“What the fuck is your problem!? I interrupted you’re fight, *sorry!* Either beat me the fuck up or leave me the fuck alone!”

Graham stormed away and Hannibal watched him go, torn between disappointment and pleasure.

Seeing the angel leave was a travesty, but the fire in his rage was arousing as much as it was endearing.

Hannibal was about to follow him, but Lounds came out of the school, so Hannibal contented himself to find Graham later.

“I think you’re talking about William—Will—Graham.”

Before Hannibal could interject, Lounds held up her phone and Hannibal saw a yearbook photo of his angel.

Graham—*Will*, Hannibal thought fervently—wasn’t smiling in this photo. Not frowning, just a black stare of chilling indifference. His hair was less than an inch shorter and his eyes were lidded as if he was bored or tired.

His shirt was a blue flannel that was buttoned up to the collar.

“What else do you have?” Hannibal asked after realising he shouldn’t have been staring so long.

Lounds smirked knowingly but continued, “He lives on Lake Road, no extracurricular activities, no friends. He’s not just quiet, he’s practically *invisible*. I lied to the counsellor that I was his lab partner and had to give him homework to get his street address.”

Hannibal found himself staring at Lounds’ phone again.

“No one knows who he is. Except Beverly.”

Hannibal’s head jerked up. Beverly was one of the badasses he ate lunch with.

Lounds grinned, “I was surprised too. She’s his *actual* lab partner.”

Hannibal thought for a moment before realising that where Will lives was more than a little dangerous.

Hannibal whipped out his cell phone and opened to a new contact, “Enter your number. I’ll text you.”

Shortly after she gave her information, Hannibal was racing after Will to means sure he stayed safe.

Lake Road wasn’t for from where Hannibal lives anyway.

Hannibal was able to catch up to Will surprisingly quickly.

Hannibal stayed several feet behind Will and stayed close to trees in case he needed to hide.

Hannibal followed him until Will paused in front of a blue house.

Hannibal waited for Will to go in, but the boy just surged his back pack higher and kept walking.

Hannibal pursed his lips when his phone started buzzing in his pocket.

A text from his mother saying the school called about a missed detention.

Hannibal frowned and when he looked up, Will was gone.

Hannibal snarled at himself for getting distracted and made his way home.

He texted Lounds on the way.

Send the photo of Will. And any info you find. If you get me more photos, I'll give you a dollar a pic. More if it's especially good quality.

After Freddie texted her enthusiastic agreement, Hannibal shuffled home, in no rush to get to his lecture that would be waiting for him.

Chapter End Notes

idk if lake road is real, i made it up so any resemblance to reality is coincidental

freddie is a bit out of character

and hannibal is a teenager still learning english idioms

The Bidding

Chapter Summary

Will has a stalker.

Chapter Notes

what is UP my guys??

if there are typos, sorry; i write on my phone with no beta

will mentally refers to himself as: i, me, you, us, we and that's because he separates himself from his negative thoughts/self-depreciations

i tried to make will's thoughts italicised and negative thoughts in bold, but they're both will's mental conversations

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's been a week since the Hannibal Incident, as Will was calling Hannibal's fight in the hall, and Will was 89% sure he was being stalked.

It constantly felt like someone was watching him and he swore he saw a camera flash multiple times throughout his week.

It started at school, going to school to be more precise.

Will just got on the school grounds—it was Wednesday, four days after the Hannibal Incident—and Will was feeling antsy.

He'd felt like he was being followed. Everywhere he went; he took a different route home and sometimes stopped off at the 7/11 for half an hour just to be safe.

On Wednesday, Will was already on edge, but when he saw the flash out of his peripheral, he ran inside the school and realised he was shaking when he made it to the men's room off the main hall.

It could be nothing, it could be his imagination.

But if it wasn't—

Will shuddered and felt like he was going to throw up at the idea that there was someone following him.

Several times after that incident, more flashes followed him around. Sometimes it was a camera shutter.

At lunch, in the library, on his walk home, in the halls, outside the school, the 7/11 parking lot.

Will felt like he was going crazy.

So, on Friday, he talked to the only person he could about it.

His—not even friend—lab partner, Beverly Katz.

Will didn't like to start conversation.

He didn't like to partake in conversations either, but when Beverly started them, they weren't so horrible.

She was smart and didn't bore him with needless details. She talked about herself, but not in an annoying way. It made Will feel like he actually *knew* her and not just another classmate.

Will was dreading science. He needed advice and he wasn't going to get it from Beau.

Will got there first, he always did, and busied himself with pulling out his notebook and reading through his notes.

He didn't actually read them; he flicked through the pages and glanced up every time someone came in through the door.

He knew Beverly wouldn't show up until exactly ten seconds before the bell rang, but he couldn't stop his heart from jumping every time someone entered the lab room.

God, he wished he had sunglasses as a form of protection.

Will looked at the clock and let out a silent breath. *3 minutes until class starts. 2 minutes and 45 seconds until Beverly gets here*.

Will took another glance around the room before looking back at his notebook, mentally planning what to say.

Excuse me, miss. **Miss? She's not a fucking teacher you can't call her *miss***. *Fine. Beverly* —**are you in friendly terms with her?** *What if her last name isn't Katz!?*

Will rubbed his eyes with the palms of his hands and rested his elbows on the black table tops.

This was ridiculous. *Just ask her if there's any rumours about you. Just say, "Hey, do you know why someone would be stalking me?"* **But what if no one's stalking you?** *Fuck what if*

I'm just paranoid?

Will bit his bottom lip and looked around the room again. More people, no Beverly.

Okay, what about, "Heard anything about me lately? **God, no, that's conceited. Why would people talk about you?** *The Hannibal thing?*

Ten seconds till the bell, Beverly strolled in with her eyes glued to her phone and her backpack hanging off one shoulder.

She's texting someone, you shouldn't interrupt.

Will looked down and felt his shoulders slump. *Why would she even know or care? We're not close.*

Beverly plopped next to him and typed on her phone before looking up and nodding at him with a slight grin, "Hey."

"Stalking me?" Was Will's eloquent reply.

His face burned and his stomach dropped as she recoiled with a frown.

"Not you—!" Will tried to amend, reaching out a her before realising how stupid that looked and shoved it into his lap, then realised what *that* looked like and moved it to the side of his stool.

"I mean," Will swallowed and put his elbow on the table and dug his hand through his hair, jerking it away and shaking it with a grimace on his face at the knots in his hair. "Someone is stalking me. Are they?"

Will flexed his fingers and winced.

Beverly's mouth opened but she didn't say anything.

Will blinked rapidly to keep his eyes from watering, then remembered *people don't fucking blink like that*, and turned his head down after biting the inside of his cheek.

Way to go, moron. *This is why we don't talk to people.*

Will needed to leave and never come to class again.

He ducked his head low and scratched the back of his neck, wondering if it was too late in the school year to change courses.

"You wanna...run that by me again?" Beverly asked, clearly confused.

Will look back up and parted his mouth before swallowing.

"Um, sorry, I think someone is stalking me."

She stared at him and Will forced himself to smile uncomfortably.

“Ok-ay...?” Beverly’s voice was filled with unsure agreement and Will rubbed his forehead in frustration at his lack of ability to speak eloquently.

“You’re,” he gestured at her and felt his face flame up, “badass. If you thought someone was stalking you, what would you do?”

Beverly let out a noise of understanding and nodded to think about it as the teacher walked in.

Coach G, the science teacher and one of the football coaches, came into class at least a minute after the bell rang.

Beverly leaned against the table and closer to Will, “Do you know who it is?”

Will bit the inside of his cheek.

He hadn’t seen them very well, if at all. Just flashes of a camera. If it was a school camera, that narrowed his target down to seven people.

That is, if his stalker is a student.

Will shifted uncomfortably at the idea of an adult following him and taking pictures of him.

*There is one person...***Why would she be following you?** *Hannibal?* **Of fucking course.**

Will turned his head to Beverly and pursed his lips.

“Graham,” Coach G called.

“Here,” Will answered back, looking at the coach in case he tried to find where Will was.

Some teachers felt the need to make eye contact with every student during roll, and Will did not appreciate it.

He turned back to Beverly, “Have you heard anything from Freddie?”

Beverly scrunched her nose. “Freddie?”

Will huffed our a breath and squeezed his hand to stay calm. “Lounds.”

She looked like she was about to shake her head, but before she did her eyes widened and she looking at her phone.

“Holy shit, I think so.”

Will glanced around them to check if anyone was listening. *Christ Almighty, it’s like we’re in a spy movie.*

“You think?” Will echoed, feeling like he shouldn’t have put so much faith in a high schooler with their own life.

Will has no social life; all he was was a fly on a wall, he had information about everyone.

Beverly was a resident Badass, president of the physics club, a member of the science club, a member of the political science club, in the National Honour Society, and a volunteer at the local Baptist church.

Will wasn't a stalker; he was just unfortunately observant and had a damned good memory.

"Katz?"

"Present." Beverly's voice was louder than Will's, and much less shaky.

Beverly looked him up and down and Will slumped, "Sorry, what makes you say that?"

She stared at him for two seconds longer then shifted to check if the teacher was listening being continuing, "I got a text this morning promising me ten dollars for info on you."

Will recoiled as he processed, "Me? Why me? I'm literally the most boring person in this school!"

Will gripped the tabletop to ground himself and hissed out his words.

He stayed out of trouble, he got mediocre grades, he didn't join any clubs. How could he *be* more boring!?

Beverly levelled him with an unimpressed stare and Will had to stare at her jacket so he didn't get lost in her eyes.

And no, that wasn't a pick-up line. Will had an empathy disorder.

"Did you respond?" Will asked as roll-call finished up.

Beverly merely raised an eyebrow as Coach G told them to get their safety gear on and Will leaned back with an irritated sigh.

So much for her help.

Chapter End Notes

what do ya think?

End Notes

my tumblr is the-Link-dock

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!